THE WEEPING LADY: OR, LONDON LIKE NINIVIE IN SACK-CLOTH.

Describing the Mappe of her owne miserie, in this time of Her heauy Visitation; with her hearty Prayers, Admonition, and Pious *Meditations, as the occasions of them offer* themselues in Her PASSION.

Written by T. B.



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THE EPISTLE TO the READER.



Courteous Reader, Briefly thus: If looking in my Booke, you see Men impriſon'd in their owne Houſes, and abroad none; if heere you ſee a multitude of Croſſes, *and abroad none; if heere their equall number of* Bils, *with* LORD HAVE MERCIE VPON VS, *and abroad none; and ſhall ſay,* Thus they haue beene, but are not. *I anſwere, That they Haue, is enough, why they are not, I know not; that they yet might be, we all know, in the loſſe of Husbands, Wiues, Children, Seruants, Kindred, our Neighbours, and common Acquaintance. A wound ſmarts no leſſe couer'd, then diſcouer'd: For ſome decreaſe in the number, let vs praiſe God, and pray to God, for the continuance of this mercy begun, till this ſad* Viſitation *be ended.*

My intent in erecting this poore Monument of Miſery, *was, to make this* Ladies *Teares out-line Her Teares: That, when (by the infinite Mercies of God) they ſhall bee wip'd off, and all Her* Sores *made whole; We may, in the view of this, and other (more worthy) Remembrances of Her, re-view them; in them, thoſe infinite Mercies; and in both, be made mindfull of them, and eternally thankfull for them: Which God grant.*

Thine; THO: BREVVER.


Lord, haue
mercy on vs.
Weepe, Fast, and Pray.

THE WEEPING LADY: OR LONDON LIKE NINIVIE in SACK-CLOTH.

IEREM. 9. 21.

Death is come vp into our windowes, and entered into our Houſes.

LIke tender Plants, beate, with too great a ſhowre,
Or like a Tree that's blaſted; or a Flowre
Pluckt from the Roote; Decembers gloomy ſhade,
The Sunne eclips'd; Youth to diſeaſe betraid:
Or like to any thing, that *Chance*, or *Time*
Or Heauens iuſt *Anger*, ſcourges in the *Prime*,
Diſroabing it of Ornament, of Grace,
And ſeating what's opponent in their place

Sits

Sits now the Miſtreſſe, Lady of her kinde;
That Queene, whoſe Beauty did attract the minde
Of All, to ſee it; to admire, to loue,
And (in their Functions ſerue it) to approue
Her worth, and their owne duties: ô like theſe,
Or ſadder Figures, of Her ſad diſeaſe
Lies *London* now; beate, blaſted, wither'd, ſhooke,
Of ſtrangers pitied, of Her owne forſooke.
But, to diuide Her ſorrowes, and to bring,
The wounds, ſighes, teares, and each particular ſting
Of Her afflicted Boſome, to your Eye,
Liues not in my Intention. Nor if I
Had ſuch a Will, had I the power to ſpeake
My Griefe; for Hers (too ſtrong) makes me too weake.
Her ſelfe doe that, for what's in Sorrowes breaſt,
The Bearer of it, can decipher beſt:
I onely drawe the Curtaine, and thus ſhow,
This Queene of Cities, now, the Queene of woe.

London, *the Anatomizer, of Her owne miſeries, as out of a broken ſlumber thus ſpeakes.*

HOw faine would Sorrow ſleepe? But as my Head
Would touch the Pillow, of that downy Bed
The mournfull ſonnd of ſighings, of deepe grones,
Viſion of Teares, and vniuerſall mones
That doe preſent themſelues before me, keepe
That Comfort from me, and command me weepe.

Her

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL, GENE-

rous, and euer-worthy Louer of Goodneſſe, and Pious Endeauours, WALTER LEIGH, *Eſquire*, SWORD-BEARER to the Honourable LORD-MAIORS *of this Famous Citie of LONDON.*

Right Worthy Sir:

ASad Sharer of the common miſeries of theſe ſad times, prompted by his owne Sorrowes, ha's, (though too weak a Pencil-Man for ſuch a Piece) vndertaken to draw that Sorrow to the Life, that ha's drawne many thouſands to Death; my Title ſpeaks my meaning; The Wounds of this VVEEPING LADY.

To haue drawne Her in her *Health*, the *Idea*

or Conceptions of the most pure and pregnant VVits might haue been deficient, such was Her Beauty, Her Splendor, such were her change of Colours, Glorious within, and without in Embroydered Garments. But now, (such is her Change Shee ha's no Change, wearing only one Suit, and that the sad habit of *Mourning*.

In thus presenting Her, I present you with nothing but grones, Sighs, tears, shreaks, folding of armes, beating of brests, wringing of hands, pale looks, dejected eies, bleeding hearts, & most heauy & bitter condolements. How vnpleasing this might be to many, I am not ignorant; but imboldned by that of the *Preacher*, *The Heart of the Wise is in the House of Mourning, &c.* my hopes are faire of her fauorable and gracious receiuing.

To whom better to present this *Lady* of so many Honourable Lords, then to your worthy Selfe, I know not; your Worship hauing been to many, & now to This, Her Last, (equall in fame with any from Her First) a prime and much respected Officer, bearing the *sword* that most impartially guards Her, and wounds Her Enemies. Shee is now on the mending hand, and our hope (in Him, that what he wil doe can doe) is strong for the dayly decrease of her *sorrowes*; the speedy returne to Her *solace*, and fulnesse of Beauty and lustre. For which among many Thousands of Her afflicted Sons and Daughters, incessantly praying; I rest,

Euer Bound to your VVorships

pleasure: T. B.

LONDON *like* NINIVIE.

Her Bells, continually Towling.

O Heare the Inſtruments, my ſoule did loue,
My Bells, that ſummon to the Spouſe, the Doue,
The Oracle of Heau'n, Now ſadly ſound
Nothing but frightfull ſummons to the ground:
Nothing but calls to Death; nothing but Knells;
All notes of Griefe, for All are paſſing Bells.
Nay more to adde, to my Affrights, affright
Death, will haue all Times, minutes; and by Night
Command this dolefull Towling, as by Day:
We know who ſends him, and we muſt obey.
What change there is in all things vnder Fate?
How ſadly now they ſound? And but of late,
When their ſhrill voyces, did proclaime the Gaine
Of *Englands* Heart, out of the Hate of *Spaine*,
What Dulcet ſounds they had? -- And while they plaid
To th'mounting flame of Bonfires, that were made
Ioying His ſafe Arriuing? -Since that Time
What muſicke made they, when the pride and prime
Of all her Sex (MARIA) in our Land
Made Her moſt wiſht Arriuall; Hand in Hand
Ioyning two royall Siſters, to Aduance
The Glories of them both: Great *Britaine*, *France*.
But I too farre, in this Digreſſion goe,
My joy (almoſt) made me forget my woe:
The woes of my diſeaſe; -- The Sore, that treads
My Beauty vnder foot; -- The Sore that ſpreads

Towling night and day.

Digreſſion.

The King his returne from *Spaine*.

The Queenes arriuall.

O're all my Happineſſe; -- The Sore that makes
Me, to be loath'd and left; -- The ſore that takes
My Sonnes and Daughters from me; And the Sore
That makes this mournfull muſick ſound, all o're
My ſpatious Circuit, round about my Walls;
The neglect of our duties remembred. For round about them, are the dreadfull Calls
Of Death, in their ſad language. -- Had we heard
Their Calls vnto the Temple, and prepar'd
Zeale, and Diuine affection, that the word
Sowne in our ſoules, might (as it ought) afford
A fruitfull Harueſt of good workes, no doubt,
We had not heard theſe clangors flye about
Her Counſell to flye to him, from him we cannot. Thus to affright, to wound vs. -- But 'tis Iuſt
Thoſe ſounds, we would not heare, theſe ſounds we muſt;
Till Heau'n be pleas'd to ſtill 'em. -- That He may
Lets flye to meet him; *weepe*, and *Faſt*, and *Pray*.

The Graues ſtill greedily gaping.

O See, (like wounds digg'd in my tender ſide)
My multitude of Graues, that gaping wide
Are hourely fed, with Carcaſſes of Men;
Thoſe hardly ſwallowed, they'le be fed agen,
Gorg'd with my Sonnes and Daughters: as if Hee
All things made for man, man for God. All things were made for, were but made, to be
A prey to wormes: -- As if the end of Birth,
Were [illegible]t to cry, to labour, and in Earth

Haue

Haue his eternall period : -- As if Breath
Were a Childes bubble, and the ſport of Death :
For ſo Hee triumphs now ; ſo now He kills, Deaths Triumph.
So empties Houſes ; ſo the Graue he fills,
Thoſe Tenements of his. --Where many lye,
(Too many manyes) not like things that dye
Aſſur'd in their Redeemer, that they ſhall
Riſe to a Beeing, whence they ne're can fall ;
But -- I ha'done ; -- Paſſion, thy power is ſtrong
The reſt in weeping ; teares are ſorrowes Tongue.
Sleepe, ſleepe in peace my Children, in your duſt
Wee ſee what t'is, to brittle life to truſt, A great helpe to liue, is, to remember we muſt die.
And Her ſtill fayling Adjuncts : For thus fades
The Pompe of fleſh : And -- enter'd thoſe darke ſhades
From Court, or from the Village, All are one,
Degrees in Life there are, in Death there's none.

Her Houſes, their Maſters Priſon.

O See my Sonnes and Daughters, that ſuruiue
Their Houſhold maſſacr'e, (halfe dead) aliue,
In their owne Houſes buried ; or as bad,
Enjayl'd, impriſon'd ; -- In that paſſion clad,
That to behold them, makes Affection wring
My Heart to Blood, mine Eyes into a ſpring ;
(Maternall loues Companions) -- See the Wife The Wife.
Sadly bemone, the loſſe of halfe Her life,

I'th' losse of her poore Husband. -- See her sit,
(While sighes, doe sighes, and teares, doe teares beget)
Ready to follow him, from this sad vale
To His eternall Mansion. --- See the pale
And gastly seate of death, vpon the face
The Husband. Of Husbands for their Wiues :---Behold the Race
Parents. Of griefe in Parents, for the sad depart
Children. Of Sonnes and Daughters; Sonnes and Daughters smart,
To see the stroake, this strange Disease doth giue
Vpon those Liues by which they Be, and Liue.
See them debard all meetings of delight,
See them debard society, and sight
Of Kindred, and Familiars; -- See them there
Bard the best pleasure, that doth Passion cheare,
Their Recreatiue walkes, losing their share
Of what all taste, the sweet and wholsome Ayre,
A poore mans only physicke. --- See them loose
The benefits of those poore Trades they vse:
The summ of their misery. To summe vp all their miseries in one,
See them i'th' Dongeon, of laments and mone.
Yet thus it must be, by the Lawes, and Loue
Of me, their Citie, and of that Aboue,
For 'tis by Heau'n commanded. ——— Thou great God
Her Prayer. That more delightst in Mercy, then thy Rod,
(Ioyning them both together) -- be to these
In their need plenty, in their Languor ease.
And in the midst of this infectious flame,
Let thy good Angell come, and be the same

To

To them, and me their *Mother*, that He was
To those i'th' midst of burning Flames did passe
Vntouch'd, or vnoffended. --In thy Hand,
Is Life and Death; All power in thy Command.

Her Multitude of Crosses.

O See me full of *Crosses*; see, and weepe
To see the *Crosse* thus like a Gangrene creepe
From part to part vpon me. --Nor ist strange
Wee weare these *Crosses*; they are Heau'ns exchange
Of *Crosses* with's.-- Wee *Crosses* had before.
The Rich-mans *Crosse* vpon the hungry Poore,
In griping and ingrossing: which to quit,
Need ha's agen (with a dexterious Wit)
Crost them in Cheats and Theeuing. --Woe is me
The many *Crosses* of a Terme to see;
Strange *Crosses* in strange Cases: --Then a sleight;
The *Crosse* of Measure, and the *Crosse* of Weight;
The *Crosse* of honest-seeming, to deceiue;
The *Crosse* of Swearing, to make men beleeue
What Truth is rackt to looke on. --And for these
Crosses of Sinne, the *Crosses* of Disease
Sticke like a brand vpon's; vpon vs fall
The First, on many; but the Last, on All.
But to the *Crosse* agen, which doth present
In all, (but in my Sorrowes) all Content.

Our Crosse dealing each with another.

Our sinnes the cause of our sicknesse.

Saint *George* his *Crosse*, Englands, the Badge of Ioy,
These Crosses the badge of Death. Is heere the Badge of Him that doth destroy,
No Champion euer like Him: --For His power,
In thousand Places, Thousands in one Hower
Her incitement to prayer and holy duties. Turnes to the Pit before Him. ——— Gainst this losse
O lets petition Heau'n; and that this *Crosse*,
This Viol full of Anger may bee staid;
Which, till it be (by the Almighty laid)
Wee patiently must beare it; 'Tis decreed:
For Hee for Vs vpon a *Crosse* did bleed,
The necessity of them Has told vs plainly we His *Crosse* must beare,
Or nere ascend His Dwelling. --Where no care,
No Chance, no Change, Time or Defection dwels;
But All so full of Glory, it excels
The Compasse of Mans thought. --Toth' *Crosse* we then
Add --*Lord haue Mercy vpon vs All.* --AMEN.

¶ Her Termes. O See my *Termes* cut off, in them the *Law*,
(That eeuen Line, Iustice her selfe doth draw,
Guiding to pious dealing) Like a Mute;
Nor hinder wrong, nor help a rightfull Suite,
While my Infection spreads. Woes, woe succeed,
Of all *Demurres*, heeres a *Demurre* indeed.

Her Parament. ¶ See how the City ha's disturbd the Court,
How my Disease ha's troubled the Import
And weighty Businesses of that High Seat,
Where Royall *Charles* and his graue Synod treat
The grounds of all our safety. --And at last
Dissolu'd that Royall meeting heere, and plac'd
LONDON, Westminst. Mine, and my Sisters Dignity and Grace

Vpon

Vpon a Handmaid to vs. --Ore which Place,
Thou God of Mercy all thy Mercies ſpread,
And there, and heere, and euery where ſtrike dead
This All-deuouring Monſter. Let thy loue,
Make this an Act, in thy great Court aboue.
¶ O See how my Diſeaſe, has ſeem'd to checke
The loue, and dutie, is prepar'd to decke
My ſtreetes with ſtately Pageants. Things ſhould weare
Much Coſt, much Art, and in their ſtructures beare
The fulneſſe of Inuention: where the Eye,
May feaſt it ſelfe, on the varity
Of ſpecious Formes, and Figures, and the Eare,
The ſoule, of all thoſe rich Inuentions heare
Deliuer'd, in Choyce language. -- I preſume
That thus they ſhall be, when they ſhall aſſume
Their coſtly Robes preparing. -- But (alas)
They yet ſtand bare and naked; and men paſſe
By them, as by my ſelfe: for that Diſeaſe
That dyms my luſtre, has denyed it theſe,
And all thoſe Beauties my large Bounds embrace.
Repaire ſweet Mercy, what ſad frownes deface.
O ſee how thicke, theſe ſhafts of vengeance flye,
How thicke they fall, how thicke Men fall and dye,
Which way ſo e're we turne vs! If your eyes
Can ſee for Teares, ſee how this Tyrant plyes
The cruell part Hee's acting. How He ſweepes
Whole Familyes before him, and then keepes
(In diſmall emptineſſe) Poſſeſſion there,
Where life againe would enter, but that Feare

Oxenford. Her Petition.

¶ Her Pageants.

What they ſhould be.

What they ſhall be.

What they are.

Her briefe Petition.

Of this Maſſacre in generall

Whole Families taken away.

Does

Do's for a time deterre him. For this Foe,
(Inuiſible, Inuincible) a Blow
Giues aboue all reſiſt. --O ſee my Streets
To many, Death-beds; for this Monſter meets
Men boldly there and ſtrikes 'em: --heere Men tread,
To fight, in ſafety; there o'th' ſodaine dead.

The Flight of Citizens her Sons, with her tender hearts anguiſh for it.

See, ſee, O ſee, how thicke from all my parts
Gallants in Coaches, and their Goods in Carts
Flye my poore wounded Body: --where before
(That their rich ſplendor might in mine be more)
They would embrace me, hugge me. --But the Flight
Of theſe moue little; That would kill me quite,
Is, that my Sonnes, (They that vpon my Breſt
Haue had repoſe, (a long and tender reſt)
And from it ſuck'd the Subſtance made them grow
Great in the Worlds Opinion) In my woe,
Want and diſtreſſe forſake me. Theſe, that *Hee*
That was a Bond-man, and by me made Free;
That tooke his Oath to loue me, and ſubmit
His beſt Endeuours to mee, to beget,
Guard and maintaine mine Honors. --But no more.
Thus Swallowes Winter flye; the Rich, the Poore.

Vpon

Vpon Relation of the many Miseries, that many of those that flye the City, doe *fall into in the Countrey.*

Her Teares, Sighes, and Passion augmented.

O My full Tyde of Anguish! Yet myne Eye
Drops not so fast, so much to see them flye;
As, in that Flight, to see them headlong runne
To greater dangers, then they flye to shun:
In multitudes we finde it; and still thus
Deplore their Sorrowes, though they mind not vs.
Heere Bils and Halberts meete 'em; --where, (as one
Had dar'd the Law in some great mischiefe done)
They must be staid, examin'd, and there show
What place they came from, to what place they goe;
To'occasions of their trauaile; and before
Some Constable, can hardly tell three score,
Must shew their Passes. And from place to place,
(Passing through Villages) through this disgrace
Passe till they end their Iourney. And what then?
What comfort find they (poore distressed Men)
When (through these scornes and loathings) they haue got
The place to which they trauaile? Are they not
With great suspition, much amaze and feare,
(As if each part about them seem'd to beare

1. Her great for them that mind not Hers.

2. Met and stayed like Felions.

3. Shew their Passe like Rogues

Their entertainment. Plagues and infections in them) entertain'd
At Halberds point, at diſtance? and conſtrain'd
(In their leaſt pitty) to a priuate Roome?
Though here ſo ſound they are; and in the Doome
Of that Impriſonment, ſome part o'th' load
Of what they ſhun at home, they meet abroad.
Marke the miſe-rie. But this is but diſgrace: See ſome poore ſoules
Vnder neceſſities more harſh controules
Made ſtrangers to acquaintance; nay, the Sonne
A ſtranger to his Father; Brothers ſhun
The Partners of their Blood; and Mothers flie,
Thoſe they haue hugg'd and dandled, (as they me.)
O let me weepe, (weepe blood) and through that glaſſe
Hardly welcome. Looke yet a little further; where (alas)
Wee may behold ſome of my Sonnes that here
Had ſoft and eaſie lodging, lodging there
Hard lodging. In Stables, Barnes, out-Houſes; nay be glad
To ſleepe in Houils; thinke no roome too bad
That had a couering o're it: ſome be faine
To lodge, where neither 'gainſt the Wind, the raine,
Nor the Suns fury, they could ſhelter haue;
Heau'n only couering them, and they their Graue.
Then, as a ſad Companion to their woe,
(For miſeries doe ſeldome ſingle goe)
Their miſeries in their ſickneſſe. Behold them in theſe Lodgings, faint and weake,
Their Purſes many may ſome comfort ſpeake,
But purchaſe none or little; and that too,
But dealt among them, as a man ſhould doe

Such

Such duties to a Lyon, to a Beare,
Or some such sauage Creature, in great feare,
Fling some poore pittance to them, and then flye:
Heere's all their tendance, let them liue or dye.
See some o'retaken with so faint a breath,
Ere halfe their Iourneyes done they Inne with Death,
I'th' common way they tread on; as they goe
Fall to the ground and dye: great numbers so
In Rodes, in Ditches, in the open Field,
The debt of Breath, thus to their Maker yeeld;
And when they dye, are buried. Some agen
(So bold we are to sinne to adde more sinne)
On Sledges, Barrowes, Dung-carts, any thing
(The wisedome of those places please to bring)
Are borne to places more remote; and some
(Like Dogges) are hal'd with Cart-ropes to a Tombe
Fit, but for Dogges and Caryon: into which,
As they are found, th'are tumbled; Poore, and Rich:
Their rich Apparell, their rich Pockets; All:
Nay, Gold it selfe they bury; that must fall
To'th' place it came from: so that by this Rod,
That seemes a Diuell now, seem'd once a God.
Oh, I could weepe my selfe into a Stone,
Or my, as senslesse Image, in the mone
Of my poore Sonnes and Daughters; that with me
Had had farre better vsage: But, in vaine
I weepe for them: Now to my selfe againe.

9. The' tendance.

10. Many there, as with vs, dye in the common way, Fiel & Ditche

The Fooi God, a D uell.

Her Apostrophe in Grones & sighing.

(as preparing to a Bridall Bed)
In what a Path of Hearbs and Flowers men tread,
Which way so ere they wander: For, each Street
Seemes now a Garden; All as greene, as sweet.
But Oh, my sad my sicke, my bleeding Heart!
These are no Nup-tiall strewings; heere no part
Of such a Ioye's appearing: For (O, see!)
These Paths are for the Dead, and such as be
The halfe-dead traine attends them. Euery where
Nothing but Graues, but Coffins, but the Beere,
And bearing breathlesse Bodies to the Ground;
Delight's an Exile now, pale Mourning Cround.
¶ See how my Streets are emptied, how my Trade,
(In which there is another Sicknesse made)
Lyes as 'twere dead and Buried. See, (O, see)
The Shops of those are Dead and those that Flee,
So euery where shut vp, a man may say;
What's all this Time; but *Grim* DEATHS HOLI-DAY?
¶ Yet see my emptinesse too full of mone,
For not a Friend, a Friend without a grone,
Sighes and sad Language meet. --See Death destroy
All our expected pleasure, all our ioy,
Till Heau'n shall stop his Progresse. Vnawares,
Our Feasting's, turnd to FASTING; *Play, to* PRAYER.
Most fit it should bee, and most fit, wee praise
That *Holy* KING, that made these *Holy* DAIES.

That has commanded, what his God commands;
That Second God to vs, that vnderſtands
That the beſt Buckler, to defend the ſtroake,
Heau'n layes on Sinners, when their ſinnes prouoke,
Is keeping *Niniuies*. That Prayers and Teares,
When *Hezekiah*, was beſet with feares,
Procur'd an Angell, in his cauſe to fight,
Whoſe vnreſiſted power, in one night,
A hundred, foureſcore, and fiue thouſand men
Laid dead before him; Hee who knowes agen,
When God had purpos'd this good King to death,
By Prayer, He chang'd that purpoſe, and got breath
For fifteene Summers longer. He that knowes
How, when the fiery Serpents, wounded thoſe
Murmur'd at *Moſes*, when good *Moſes* prayed,
Thoſe Serpents loſt their ſtings, that Plague was ſtaied.
So Lord ſtay this, this Serpent, whoſe ſharpe ſting
Has pierc'd ſo many; and let Mercy ſpring,
In thy good pleaſure to vs. -- From the Deepe
Of anguiſh Lord we call, we pray, we weepe,
And doe as they did: By this Serpent ſtrooke,
Wee on a ſecond, on our Sauiour looke,
Expecting cure. -- To which be pleas'd to Bow,
And what their prayers did then, let ours doe now.

His Procuration & Falling an Prayer. Nineu. buckler.

Hezekiah's Prayer.

His life prolonged by Prayer.

the s... of this ſcrip...

With this Exhortation to her Sonnes, in the briefe Enumeration, or Repetition of some things formerly spoken by way of Allusion, Shee Concludes.

HEare then my Bells, call to the Church, and Death:
Reuiew my Graues: There the full point of Breath;
Know thy proud flesh, a Prison to thy Soule;
The *Crosse* a Badge, did Death and Hell controule.
Learne thou the Lawe of Heau'ns eternall Loue,
The Acts and Statutes of that Court Aboue;
Loue thou the sights, the blessed Angels see;
Serue thou the God, with whom All pleasures be;
Obey his Royall Substitute, thy King;
Let loue among you, haue an endlesse Spring:
Leuell your words, and Actions to the will
Of Him, has power to pardon, or to spill;
And I shall soone be well; and you in Me,
And I in you, All our best wishes see.

The Authors comfortable Concluſion and thankfull Remembrance of Gods great mercies, in the happy ſurceaſe of this dangerous Contagion, and preſeruation of thoſe, who are yet liuing.

THus much for this Cloude of miſerie, now to that glorious Sunne of Gods mercy, which moſt graciouſly riſing vpon vs, hath begun to diſſolue, diſſipate, and diſpell it, in the decreaſe of thoſe that dye of this heauily bewayled Contagion: Vpon which looking, let vs ſay with *Dauid*, *What ſhall I returne to thee Lord*, &c. Withall, make this promiſe, and zealouſly ſtriue to performe it; That that God, that in his Anger, remembers Mercy; That deſires not the death of a Sinner, but rather, that he returne and liue, may continue this mercy to vs; and ſpeedily (if it be his bleſſed will and pleaſure) ſay as he ſaid, to that deſtroying Angell, in the time of his Kingly Prophet, *It is ſufficient; hold now thy hand*. That ſo, we heere at home, and thoſe abroad, that (as if they could flye from God) flew from vs, may againe meete; be decently merry; Liue louingly, aſſiſt one another willingly, and finally that All together, to him that of nothing, hath made vs; that loſt, hath Redeemed vs; that erring, reduced vs; that Ignorant, hath taught vs; that ſinning hath gently chaſtiſed vs; that diſpayring hath comforted vs; that falling hath raiſed vs; that ſtanding hath held vs; that going hath lead vs, that Comming hath receiued vs; And, that from this and many other dangers hath deliuered vs. Wee may ſhew our ſelues euermore thankfull: ſtill pray, ſtill praiſe him, that ſo this ſpan of Life ended, we may, (falling in death) riſe againe to that Life that ſhall neuer end.

Foure things euer to bee Remembred.

Thinke on thy Sinne,
That thou maist grieue:
On DEATH,
That thou thy sin maist leaue:
The Last great Iudge,
That thou maist feare:
On MERCIE,
that thou not dispaire.

FINIS.

THE WEEPING LADY: OR, LONDON LIKE NINIVIE IN SACK-CLOTH.

Deſcribing the Mappe of her owne miſerie, in this time of Her heauy Viſitation; with her hearty Prayers, Admonition, and Pious *Meditations, as the occaſions of them offer* themſelues in Her PASSION.

Written by T. B.



Printed at London by *B. A.* and *T. F.* for MATHEVV RHODES, and are to be ſold by *Nath: Browne*, in the Long Walke neere *Chriſt Church*. 1625.

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TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL, GENE-rous, and euer-worthy Louer of Goodneſſe, and Pious Endeauours, WALTER LEIGH, *Eſquire*, SWORD-BEARER to the Honourable LORD-MAIORS *of this Famous Citie of* LONDON.

Right Worthy Sir:

A Sad Sharer of the common miſeries of theſe ſad times, prompted by his owne Sorrowes, ha's, (though too weak a Pencil-Man for ſuch a Piece) vndertaken to draw that Sorrow to the Life, that ha's drawne many thouſands to Death; my Title ſpeaks my meaning; The Wounds of this VVEEPING LADY.

To haue drawne Her in her *Health*, the *Idea*

or Conceptions of the most pure and pregnant VVits might haue been deficient, such was Her Beauty, Her Splendor, such were her change of Colours, Glorious within, and without in Embroydered Garments. But now, (such is her Change Shee ha's no Change, wearing only one Suit, and that the sad habit of *Mourning*.

In thus presenting Her, I present you with nothing but grones, Sighs, tears, shreaks, folding of armes, beating of brests, wringing of hands, pale looks, deiected eies, bleeding hearts, & most heauy & bitter condolements. How vnpleasing this might be to many, I am not ignorant; but imboldned by that of the *Preacher*, *The Heart of the Wise is in the House of Mourning, &c.* my hopes are faire of her fauorable and gracious receiuing.

To whom better to present this *Lady* of so many Honourable Lords, then to your worthy Selfe, I know not; your Worship hauing been to many, & now to This, Her Last, (equall in fame with any from Her First) a prime and much respected Officer, bearing the *Sword* that most impartially guards Her, and wounds Her Enemies. Shee is now on the mending hand, and our hope (in Him, that what he wil doe can doe) is strong for the dayly decrease of her *sorrowes*; the speedy returne to Her *solace*, and fulnesse of Beauty and lustre. For which among many Thousands of Her afflicted Sons and Daughters, incessantly praying; I rest,

Euer Bound to your VVorships

pleasure: THO: BREVVER.

THE EPISTLE TO the READER.



Courteous Reader, Briefly thus: If looking in my Booke, you see Men impriſon'd in their owne Houſes, and abroad none; if heere you ſee a multitude of Croſſes, *and abroad none; if heere their equall number of* Bils, *with* LORD HAVE MERCIE VPON VS, *and abroad none; and ſhall ſay,* Thus they haue beene, but are not. *I anſwere, That they Haue, is enough, why they are not, I know not; that they yet might be, we all know, in the loſſe of Husbands, wiues, Children, Seruants, Kindred, our Neighbours, and common Acquaintance. A wound ſmarts no leſſe couer'd, then diſcouer'd: For ſome decreaſe in the number, let vs praiſe God, and pray to God, for the continuance of this mercy begun, till this ſad* Viſitation *be ended.*

My intent in erecting this poore Monument of Miſery, *was, to make this* Ladies *Teares out-line Her Teares: That, when (by the infinite Mercies of God, they ſhall bee wip'd off, and all Her* Sores *made whole; We may, in the view of this, and other (more worthy) Remembrances of Her, re-view them; in them, thoſe infinite Mercies; and in both, be made mindfull of them, and eternally thankfull for them: Which God grant.*

Thine; THO: BREVVER.


Lord, haue
mercy on vs.
Weepe, Fast, and Pray.

THE WEEPING LADY: OR LONDON LIKE NINIVIE in SACK-CLOTH.

IEREM: 9. 21.

Death is come vp into our windowes, and entered into our Houſes.

LIke tender Plants, beate, with too great a ſhowre,
Or like a Tree that's blaſted; or a Flowre
Pluckt from the Roote; Decembers gloomy ſhade,
The Sunne ecclips'd; Youth to diſeaſe betraid:
Or like to any thing, that *Chance*, or *Time*
Or Heauens iuſt *Anger*, ſcourges in the *Prime*,
Diſroabing it of Ornament, of Grace,
And ſeating what's opponent in their place

Sits

Sits now the Mistresse, Lady of her kinde;
That Queene, whose Beauty did attract the minde
Of All, to see it; to admire, to loue,
And (in their Functions serue it) to approue
Her worth, and their owne duties: ô like these,
Or sadder Figures, of Her sad disease
Lies *London* now; beate, blasted, wither'd, shooke,
Of strangers pitried, of Her owne forsooke.
But, to diuide Her sorrowes, and to bring,
The wounds, sighes, teares, and each particular sting
Of Her afflicted Bosome, to your Eye,
Liues not in my Intention. Nor if I
Had such a Will, had I the power to speake
My Griefe; for Hers (too strong) makes me too weake.
Her selfe doe that, for what's in Sorrowes breast,
The Bearer of it, can decipher best:
I onely drawe the Curtaine, and thus show,
This Queene of Cities, now, the Queene of woe.

London, *the Anatomizer, of Her owne miseries, as out of a broken slumber thus speakes.*

HOw faine would Sorrow sleepe? But as my Head
Would touch the Pillow, of that downy Bed
The mournfull sound of sighings, of deepe grones,
Vision of Teares, and vniuersall mones
That doe present themselues before me, keepe
That Comfort from me, and command me weepe.

Her

LONDON *like* NINIVIE.

Her Bells, continually Towling.

O Heare the Inſtruments, my ſoule did loue,
My Bells, that ſummon to the Spouſe, the Doue,
The Oracle of Heau'n, Now ſadly ſound
Nothing but frightfull ſummons to the ground:
Nothing but calls to Death; nothing but Knells;
All notes of Griefe, for All are paſſing Bells.
Nay more to adde, to my Affrights, affright
Death, will haue all Times, minutes; and by Night
Command this dolefull Towling, as by Day:
We know who ſends him, and we muſt obey.
What change there is in all things vnder Fate?
How ſadly now they ſound? And but of late,
When their ſhrill voyces, did proclaime the Gaine
Of *Englands* Heart, out of the Hate of *Spaine*,
What Dulcet ſounds they had?—And while they plaid
To th'mounting flame of Bonfires, that were made
Ioying His ſafe Arriuing?—Since that Time
What muſicke made they, when the pride and prime
Of all her Sex (MARIA) in our Land
Made Her moſt wiſht Arriuall; Hand in Hand
Ioyning two royall Siſters, to Aduance
The Glories of them both: Great *Britaine, France.*
But I too farre, in this Digreſſion goe,
My joy (almoſt) made me forget my woe:
The woes of my diſeaſe;—The Sore, that treads
My Beauty vnder foot;—The Sore that ſpreads

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O're all my Happineſſe; -- The Sore that makes
Me, to be loath'd and left; -- The ſore that takes
My Sonnes and Daughters from me; And the Sore
That makes this mournfull muſick ſound, all o're
My ſpatious Circuit, round about my Walls;
For round about them, are the dreadfull Calls
Of Death, in their ſad language. -- Had we heard
Their Calls vnto the Temple, and prepar'd
Zeale, and Diuine affection, that the word
Sowne in our ſoules, might (as it ought) afford
A fruitfull Harueſt of good workes, no doubt,
We had not heard theſe clangors flye about
Thus to affright, to wound vs. -- But 'tis Iuſt
Thoſe ſounds, we would not heare, theſe ſounds we muſt;
Till Heau'n be pleas'd to ſtill 'em. -- That He may
Lets flye to meet him; *weepe*, and *Faſt*, and *Pray*.

The Graues ſtill greedily gaping.

O See, (like wounds digg'd in my tender ſide)
My multitude of Graues, that gaping wide
Are hourely fed, with Carcaſſes of Men;
Thoſe hardly ſwallowed, they'le be fed agen,
Gorg'd with my Sonnes and Daughters: as if Hee
All things were made for, were but made, to be
A prey to wormes: -- As if the end of Birth,
Were but to cry, to labour, and in Earth

Haue

Haue his eternall period: -- As if Breath
Were a Childes bubble, and the ſport of Death:
For ſo Hee triumphs now; ſo now He kills,
So empties Houſes; ſo the Graue he fills,
Thoſe Tenements of his. -- Where many lye,
(Too many manyes) not like things that dye
Aſſur'd in their Redeemer, that they ſhall
Riſe to a Beeing, whence they ne're can fall;
But -- I ha'done; -- Paſſion, thy power is ſtrong
The reſt in weeping; teares are ſorrowes Tongue.
Sleepe, ſleepe in peace my Children, in your duſt
Wee ſee what t'is, to brittle life to truſt,
And Her ſtill fayling Adjuncts: For thus fades
The Pompe of fleſh: And -- enter'd thoſe darke ſhades
From Court, or from the Village, All are one,
Degrees in Life there are, in Death there's none.

Deaths Triumph

A great helpe to liue, is, to remember we muſt di

Her Houſes, their Maſters Priſon.

O See my Sonnes and Daughters, that ſuruiue
Their Houſhold maſſacr'e, (halfe dead) aliue,
In their owne Houſes buried; or as bad,
Enjayl'd, impriſon'd; -- In that paſſion clad,
That to behold them, makes Affection wring
My Heart to Blood, mine Eyes into a ſpring;
(Maternall loues Companions) -- See the Wife
Sadly bemone, the loſſe of halfe Her life,

The Wi

I'th' losse of her poore Husband. -- See her sit,
(While sighes, doe sighes, and teares, doe teares beget)
Ready to follow him, from this sad vale
To His eternall Mansion. --- See the pale
And gastly seate of death, vpon the face
Of Husbands for their Wiues :---Behold the Race
Of griefe in Parents, for the sad depart
Of Sonnes and Daughters; Sonnes and Daughters smart,
To see the stroake, this strange Disease doth giue
Vpon those Liues by which they Be, and Liue.
See them debard all meetings of delight,
See them debard society, and sight
Of Kindred, and Familiars; -- See them there
Bard the best pleasure, that doth Passion cheare,
Their Recreatiue walkes, losing their share
Of what all taste, the sweet and wholsome Ayre,
A poore mans only physicke. --- See them loose
The benefits of those poore Trades they vse:
To summe vp all their miseries in one,
See them i'th' Dongeon, of laments and mone.
Yet thus it must be, by the Lawes, and Loue
Of me, their Citie, and of that Aboue,
For 'tis by Heau'n commanded. ——— Thou great God
That more delightst in Mercy, then thy Rod,
(Ioyning them both together) -- be to these
In their need plenty, in their Languor ease.
And in the midst of this infectious flame,
Let thy good Angell come, and be the same

To

To them, and me their *Mother*, that He was
To those i'th' midst of burning Flames did passe
Vntouch'd, or vnoffended. --In thy Hand,
Is Life and Death; All power in thy Command.

Her Multitude of Crosses.

O See me full of *Crosses*; see, and weepe
To see the *Crosse* thus like a Gangrene creepe
From part to part vpon me. --Nor ist strange
Wee weare these *Crosses*; they are Heau'ns exchange
Of *Crosses* with's.-- Wee *Crosses* had before.
The Rich-mans *Crosse* vpon the hungry Poore,
In griping and ingrossing: which to quit,
Need ha's agen (with a dexterious Wit)
Crost them in Cheats and Theeuing. --Woe is me
The many *Crosses* of a Terme to see;
Strange *Crosses* in strange Cases: --Then a sleight;
The *Crosse* of Measure, and the *Crosse* of Weight;
The *Crosse* of honest-seeming, to deceiue;
The *Crosse* of Swearing, to make men beleeue
What Truth is rackt to looke on. --And for these
Crosses of Sinne, the *Crosses* of Disease
Sticke like a brand vpon's; vpon vs fall
The First, on many; but the Last, on All.
But to the *Crosse* agen, which doth present
In all, (but in my Sorrowes) all Content.

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Saint *George* his *Croſſe*, Englands, the Badge of Ioy,
Is heere the Badge of Him that doth deſtroy,
No Champion euer like Him: --For His power,
In thouſand Places, Thouſands in one Hower
Turnes to the Pit before Him. ——— Gainſt this loſſe
O lets petition Heau'n; and that this *Croſſe*,
This Viol full of Anger may bee ſtaid;
Which, till it be (by the Almighty laid)
Wee patiently muſt beare it; 'Tis decreed:
For Hee for Vs vpon a *Croſſe* did bleed,
Has told vs plainly we His *Croſſe* muſt beare,
Or nere aſcend His Dwelling. --Where no care,
No Chance, no Change, Time or Defection dwels;
But All ſo full of Glory, it excels
The Compaſſe of Mans thought. --Toth' *Croſſe* we then
Add --*Lord haue Mercy vpon vs All.* --AMEN.

O See my *Termes* cut off, in them the *Law*,
(That euen Line, Iuſtice her ſelfe doth draw,
Guiding to pious dealing) Like a Mute;
Nor hinder wrong, nor help a rightfull Suite,
While my Infection ſpreads. Woes, woe ſucceed,
Of all *Demurres*, heeres a *Demurre* indeed.
¶ See how the City ha's diſturbd the Court,
How my Diſeaſe ha's troubled the Import
And weighty Buſineſſes of that High Seat,
Where Royall *Charles* and his graue Synod treat
The grounds of all our ſafety. --And at laſt
Diſſolu'd that Royall meeting heere, and plac'd
Mine, and my Siſters Dignity and Grace

Vpon

Vpon a Handmaid to vs. --Ore which Place,
Thou God of Mercy all thy Mercies ſpread,
And there, and heere, and euery where ſtrike dead
This All-deuouring Monſter. Let thy loue,
Make this an Act, in thy great Court aboue.
¶ O See how my Diſeaſe, has ſeem'd to checke
The loue, and dutie, is prepar'd to decke
My ſtreetes with ſtately Pageants. Things ſhould weare
Much Coſt, much Art, and in their ſtructures beare
The fulneſſe of Inuention: where the Eye,
May feaſt it ſelfe, on the varity
Of ſpecious Formes, and Figures, and the Eare,
The ſoule, of all thoſe rich Inuentions heare
Deliuer'd, in Choyce language. -- I preſume
That thus they ſhall be, when they ſhall aſſume
Their coſtly Robes preparing. -- But (alas)
They yet ſtand bare and naked; and men paſſe
By them, as by my ſelfe: for that Diſeaſe
That dyms my luſtre, has denyed it theſe,
And all thoſe Beauities my large Bounds embrace.
Repaire ſweet Mercy, what ſad frownes deface.
O ſee how thicke, theſe ſhafts of vengeance flye,
How thicke they fall, how thicke Men fall and dye,
Which way ſo e're we turne vs! If your eyes
Can ſee for Teares, ſee how this Tyrant plyes
The cruell part Hee's acting. How He ſweepes
Whole Familyes before him, and then keepes
(In diſmall emptineſſe) Poſſeſſion there,
Where life againe would enter, but that Feare

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Do's for a time deterre him. For this Foe,
(Inuiſible, Inuincible) a Blow
Giues aboue all reſiſt. --O ſee my Streets
To many, Death-beds; for this Monſter meets
Men boldly there and ſtrikes 'em: --heere Men tread,
To ſight, in ſafety; there o'th' ſodaine dead.

See, ſee, O ſee, how thicke from all my parts
Gallants in Coaches, and their Goods in Carts
Flye my poore wounded Body: --where before
(That their rich ſplendor might in mine be more)
Flight is Sons, her rs an- for it. They would embrace me, hugge me. --But the Flight
Of theſe moue little; That would kill me quite,
Is, that my Sonnes, (They that vpon my Breſt
Haue had repoſe, (a long and tender reſt)
And from it ſuck'd the Subſtance made them grow
Great in the Worlds Opinion) In my woe,
Want and diſtreſſe forſake me. Theſe, that *Hee*
That was a Bond-man, and by me made Free;
That tooke his Oath to loue me; and ſubmit
His beſt Endeuours to mee, to beget,
Guard and maintaine mine Honors. --But no more.
Thus Swallowes Winter flye; the Rich, the Poore.

Vpon

Vpon Relation of the many Miseries, that many of those that flye the City, doe *fall into in the Country.*

Her Teares, Sighes, and Passion augmented.

O My full Tyde of Anguish! Yet myne Eye
Drops not so fast, so much to see them flye;
As, in that Flight, to see them headlong runne
To greater dangers, then they flye to shun:
In multitudes we finde it; and still this
Deplore their Sorrowes, though they mind not vs.
Heere Bils and Halhetts meete 'em; ⸗where, (as one
Had dar'd the Law in some great mischiefe done)
They must be staid, examin'd, and there show
What place they came from, to what place they goe;
Th'occasions of their trauaile; and before
Some Constable, can hardly tell three score,
Must shew their Passes. And from place to place,
(Passing through Villages) through this disgrace
Passe till they end their Iourney. And what then?
What comfort find they (poore distressed Men)
When (through these scorpes and loathings) they haue got
The place to which they trauaile? Are they not
With great suspition, much amaze and feare,
(As if each part about them seem'd to beare

Plague and infections in them) entertain'd
At Halberds point, at diſtance? and conſtrain'd
(In their leaſt pitty) to a priuate Roome?
Though nere ſo ſound they are; and in the Doome
Of that Impriſonment, ſome part o'th' load
Of what they ſhun at home, they meet abroad.
But this is but diſgrace: See ſome poore ſoules
Vnder neceſſities more harſh controules
Made ſtrangers to acquaintance; nay, the Sonne
A ſtranger to his Father; Brothers ſhun
The Partners of their Blood; and Mothers flee,
Thoſe they haue hugg'd and dandled, (as they me.)
O let me weepe, (weepe blood) and through that glaſſe
Looke yet a little further; where (alas)
Wee may behold ſome of my Sonnes that here
Had ſoft and eaſie lodging, lodging there
In Stables, Barnes, our Houſes; may be glad
To ſleepe in Houſes; thinke no roome too bad
That had a couering o're it: ſome be faine
To lodge, where neither 'gainſt the Wind, the raine,
Nor the Suns fury, they could helter skelter,
Heau'n only couering them, and they their Graue.
Then, as a ſad Companion to their woe,
(For miſeries doe ſeldome ſingle goe)
Behold them in theſe Lodgings, faint and weake,
Their Purſes many may ſome comfort ſpeake,
But purchaſe none or little; and that too
But dealt among them, as a man ſhould doe

Such duties to a Lyon, to a Beare,
Or some such sauage Creature, in great feare,
Fling some poore pittance to them, and then flye:
Heere's all their rendance, let them liue or dye.

See some o'retaken with so faint a breath,
Ere halfe their Iourneyes done they, Inne with Death,
I'th' common way they tread on; as they goe
Fall to the ground and dye: great numbers so
In Rodes, in Ditches, in the open Field,
The debt of Breath, thus to their Maker yeeld;
And where they dye, are buried. Some agen
(So bold we are to sinne to adde more sinne)
On Sledges, Barrowes, Dung-carts, any thing
(The wisedome of those places please to bring)
Are borne to places more remote; and some
(Like Dogges) are hal'd with Cart-ropes to a Tombe
Fit, but for Dogges and Caryons: into which,
As they are found, th'are tumbled, Poore, and Rich:
Their rich Apparell, their rich Pockets; All
Nay, Gold it selfe they bury; that must fall
To'th' place it came from: do that by this Rod,
That seemes a Diuell now, seem'd once a God.
Oh, I could weepe my selfe into a Stone,
Or my, as sensleſſe Image, in the mone
Of my poore Sonnes and Daughters; that with me
Had had farre better wage: But, in vaine
I weepe for them: Now to my selfe againe.

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The God, uell.

Her ſtroph Gron & ſigh

¶ SEe, (O see!) preparing to a Bridall Bed
In what a Path of Herbs and Flowers men leade,
Which way so ere they wander! For, each Street
Seemes now a Garden; All as greene as Sweet.
But Oh, no sad my sicke, my bleeding Heart!
These are no Nuptiall strewings; heere no part
Of such a Ioye's appearing: For (O see!)
These Paths are for the Dead, and such as be
The halfe-dead traine attends them. Euery where
Nothing but Graues, but Coffins; but the Beere,
And bearing breathlesse Bodies to the Ground;
Delight's an Exile now, pale Mourning Crounds.

¶ See how my Streets are emptied, how my Trade,
(In which there is another Sicknesse made)
Lyes as 'twere dead and Buried. See, (O, see)
The Shops of those are Dead and those that Flee,
So euery where shut vp, as shun my fayre;
What's all this Time, but *Grim* DEATH's HOLY-DAYE?

¶ Yet see my emptinesse too full of mone,
For not a Friend, a Friend without a grone,
Sighes and sad Language meet. See Death destroy
All our expected pleasure, all our ioy;
Till Heau'n shall stop his Progresse. Vnawares,
Our Feasting's, turn'd to FASTING; *Play, to* PRAYERS.
Most fit it should bee, and most fit, wee praise
That *Holy* KING, that made these *Holy* DAIES;

That

That has commanded, what his God commands,
That Second God to vs, that vnderſtands
That the beſt Buckler, to defend the ſtroake,
Heau'n layes on Sinners, when their ſinnes prouoke;
Is weeping *Niniuies*. That Prayers and Teares,
When *Hezekiah*, was beſet with feares,
Procur'd an Angell, in his cauſe to fight,
Whoſe vnreſiſted power, in one night,
A hundred, foureſcore, and fiue thouſand men
Laid dead before him; Hee who knowes agen,
When God had purpos'd this good King to death,
By Prayer, He chang'd that purpoſe, and got breath
For fifteene Summers longer. He that knowes
How; when the fiery Serpents, wounded thoſe
Murmur'd at *Moſes*, when good *Moſes* prayed,
Thoſe Serpents loſt their ſtings, that Plague was ſtaied.
So Lord ſtay this, this Serpent, whoſe ſharpe ſting
Has pierc'd ſo many; and let Mercy ſpring,
In thy good pleaſure to vs. -- From the Deepe
Of anguiſh Lord we call, we pray, we weepe,
And doe as they did: By this Serpent ſtrooke,
Wee on a ſecond; on our Sauiour looke,
Expecting cure. -- To which be pleas'd to Bow,
And what their prayers did then, let ours doe now.

His Pre
mation
Faſting
Prayer.
Niniuies
Buckler
Hezekia
Prayer.
His lif
prolong
by Pray
The eff
of Moſe
Prayer.
Her he
Prayer
the ſtay
of this
ſection.

With

With this Exhortation to her Sonnes, in the briefe Enumeration, or Repetition of some things formerly spoken by way of Allusion, Shee Concludes.

HEare then my Bells, call to the Church, and Death;
Reuiew my Graues: There the full point of Breath;
Know thy proud flesh, a Prison to thy Soule;
The *Crosse* a Badge, did Death and Hell controule.
Learne thou the Lawe of Heauns eternall Loue,
The Acts and Statutes of that Court Aboue;
Loue thou the lights, the blessed Angels see;
Serue thou the God, with whom All pleasures be;
Obey his Royall Substitute, thy King;
Let loue among you, haue an endlesse Spring:
Leuell your words, and Actions to the will
Of Him, has power to pardon, or to spill,
And I shall soone be well; and you in Me,
And I in you, All our best wishes see.

Thus

The Authors comfortable Concluſion and thankfull Remembrance of Gods great mercies, in the happy ſurceaſe of this dangerous Contagion, and preſeruation of thoſe, who are yet liuing.

THus much for this Cloude of miſerie, now to that glorious Sunne of Gods mercy, which moſt graciouſly riſing vpon vs, hath begun to diſſolue, diſſipate, and diſpell it, in the decreaſe of thoſe that dye, of this heauily bewayled Contagion: Vpon which looking, let vs ſay with *Dauid*, *What ſhall I returne to the Lord*, &c. Withall, make this promiſe, and zealouſly ſtriue to performe it; That that God, that in his Anger, remembers Mercy; That deſires not the death of a Sinner, but rather, that he returne and liue, may continue this mercy to vs; and ſpeedily (if it be his bleſſed will and pleaſure) ſay as he ſaid, to that deſtroying Angell, in the time of his Kingly Prophet, *It is ſufficient; hold now thy hand*. That ſo, we heere at home, and thoſe abroad, that (as if they could flye from God) flew from vs, may againe meete; be decently merry; Liue louingly, aſſiſt one another willingly, and finally that All-together, to him that of nothing, hath made vs; that loſt, hath Redeemed vs; that erring, reduced vs; that Ignorant, hath taught vs; that ſinning hath gently chaſtiſed vs; that diſpayring hath comforted vs; that falling hath raiſed vs; that ſtanding hath held vs; that going hath lead vs, that Comming hath receiued vs; And, that from this and many other dangers hath deliuered vs. Wee may ſhew our ſelues euermore thankfull: ſtill pray, ſtill praiſe him, that ſo this ſpan of Life ended, we may, (falling in death) riſe againe to that Life that ſhall neuer end.

Thinke on thy Sinne,
That thou maist grieue:
On DEATH,
That thou thy sin maist leaue:
The Last great Iudge,
That thou maist feare:
On MERCIE,
that thou not dispaire.

FINIS.

